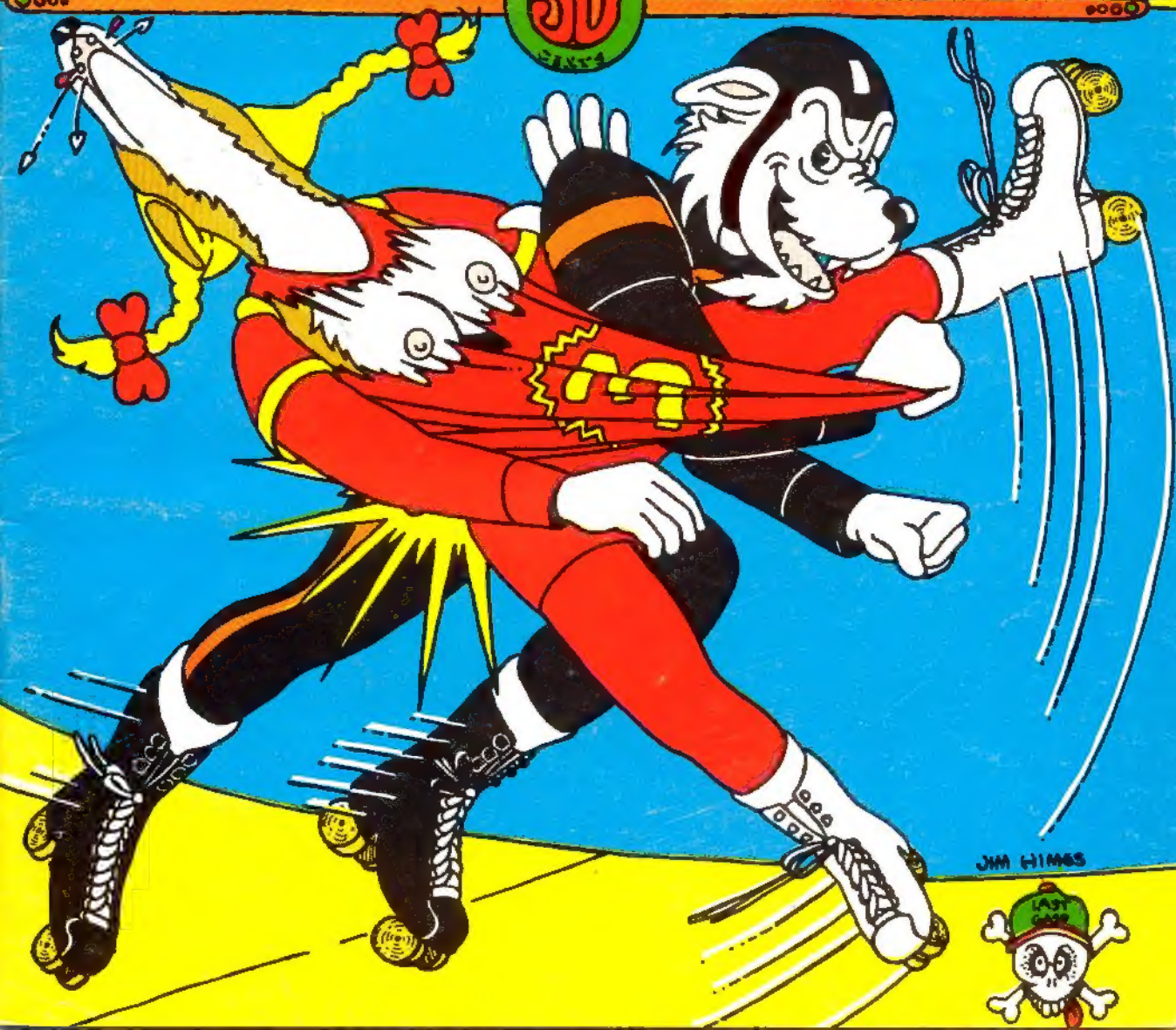


All New Underground Comix #4

BIG LEAGUE LAFFS

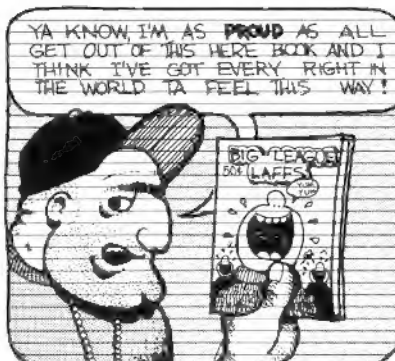


PEP TALK

WITH
COACH FLINT ROCK

A SPORTSFILM PRODUCTION
©MCMXXII

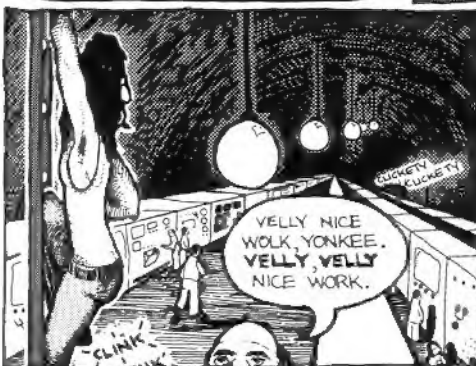
YA SEE, THIS BOOK WAGN'T DRAWN BY A HIPPIY CARTONIST IN THE DEGRAVED SURROUNDINGS OF CALI-FORNICATE-YA. NOT ON YER LIFE, CHARLIE!!!!!!



NAH, IT WAS ME, A RED, WHITE 'N BLUE ALL-AMERICAN THAT DREW EACH 'N EV'RY WHOLESOME PAGE RIGHT HERE IN THE STEEL MILL COUNTRY OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.



SO YOU PARENT'S KNOW YOU CAN BUY AND GIVE THIS BOOK TO THOSE IMPRESS-UNABLE KIDDIES. IT'LL BE GOOD FOR 'EM. FLINT "USA" ROCK GUARANTEES IT. THANKS, NEIGHBOR.



BIG LEAGUE LAFFS©1973 by JIM HIMES. PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES INC., P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, 94704. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED WITHOUT PERMISSION. ANY SIMILARITY TO PERSONS OR EVENTS WITHOUT SATIRIC PURPOSE IS COINCIDENTAL. LOVE AND GUIDANCE... BUFFY. EROTIC MASSAGE...RON TURNER. FOR ALL MY JOCK FRIENDS. BUT ESPECIALLY FOR KEN.

IT HAD BEEN A HARD SEASON AND IT HAD COME DOWN TO ONE GAME...A PLAY-OFF GAME...AND AS IT TURNED OUT THAT GAME DEPENDED ON ONE MAN... A MAN WHO HAD JUST BEEN A BOY...A MAN NAMED BILLY VEE... A

BIG LEAGUE ROOKIE



★ ★ ★ ★ ★
TTTTHEY, GANG!!!!
 IT'S A COMPLETE STORY
 ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF
 SEVENTEEN LAFF-FILLED
 PAGES. YES, THE ARTIST
 HAS FUCKED UP HIS PAGE
 PROPORTION SIZE SO YOU GET
 THIS BORN OF A BUMBLE
 BONUS BUT ENOUGH OF TH'S
 BULLSHIT, ITS TIME TO READ:

**CLEAN-PLAY
COMIX**
 "THE BALLAD OF CHARLIE CLINE"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

 COMIX
 COURTESY
 OF THAT
 WAR LOVING
 ALL-AMERICAN
 BAZO,
 UNCLE SAM

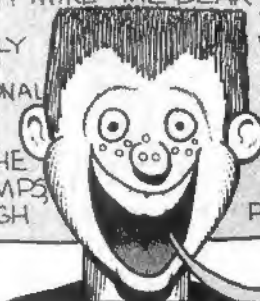
BILLY VEE'S FATHER WAS A FRUSTRATED BALLPLAYER. AS A RESULT BILLY'S BASEBALL EDUCATION WAS EARLY & CEASELESS.

HE WASN'T UNINTELLIGENT BUT IN SCHOOL HE COULDN'T KEEP HIS MIND OFF BASEBALL...

SO THAT AT AGE 16 HE WAS STILL IN THE SECOND GRADE.



OF COURSE, RALPH BRANCA WAS THE PITCHER. THE THREE BIG PITCHERS FOR THE INDIANS IN 1954? MIKE "THE BEAR" GARCIA, BOB LEMON, WYNN. IN THE LEAGUE 1960? GROAT WORLD THE PITTS-
BURGH PIRATES...



HIS FATHER EDUCATED HIM AT HOME, BUT EVEN THERE BASEBALL EXERTED ITS INFLUENCE... TO RELIGION...

WE DON'T WANT TO BE CALLED OUT BY THAT GREAT UMPIRE IN THE SKY.



TO PHILOSOPHY,

DON'T LET THE SCREWBALLS OF LIFE THROW YOU A CURVE!



AND YES, TO SEX EDUCATION...



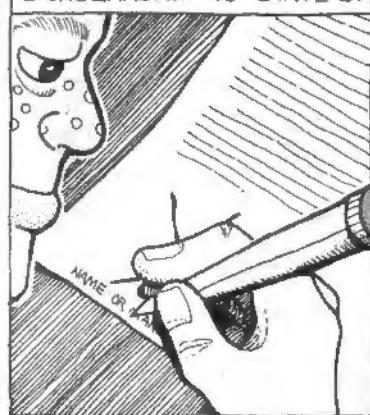
THIS TYPE OF SEX EDUCATION DIDN'T INTERFERE WITH HIS DEVELOPMENT.

I WIN! WE DO IT MY WAY!!

CHEAT! I SAID NO SCISSORS!



DESPITE HIS SLOW DEVELOPMENT BILLY WAS GIVEN A FULL SCHOLARSHIP TO STATE U.



THIS WAS PRIOR TO THE TAKEOVER OF OUR CAMPUSES BY THE ANTI-CHRIST AMORAL HIPPIE ELEMENT AND BILLY WAS TREATED IN A MANNER FITTING ONE OF HIS STATURE.



THE NEWSPAPER...



...SHOWED SOME MEDALS

BILLY LED HIS TEAM TO FOUR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS AND WAS SIGNED BY THE MIAMI FISH.



IN ADDITION TO THE SERVICES OF THE PICTURED "BASEBALL BOOBS" O'CLAMPAHAN BILLY WAS GIVEN...

A CAR MADE OUT OF BASEBALLS,



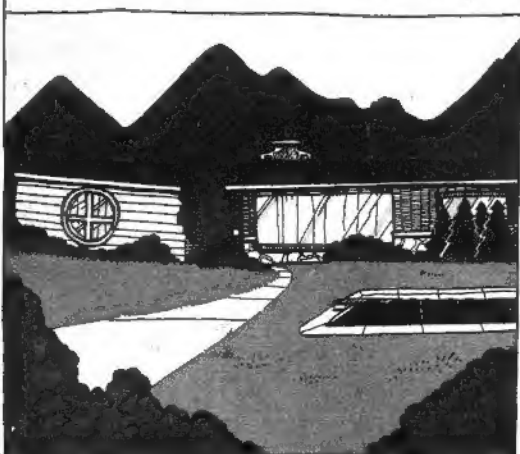
A PROMISE THAT BASEBALL CARDS WITH HIS PICTURE WOULD LIST HIS SEXUAL FEATS AS WELL AS HIS BASEBALL ACHIEVEMENTS,

BILLY IS A ROOKIE THIS YEAR BUT HE'S NO GREENHORN WHEN IT COMES TO WIELDING HIS TOOL... BILLY LOST HIS CHERRY AT AGE 9 AND HAS BEEN RICKING EVER SINCE.

YEAR	NO. OF RINGS	BOOBS	BLACK	ROOKIE	ACHIEVEMENT
1958	126	17	0	.124	
1959	194	36	7	.244	
1960	288	241	222	.946	

WHAT DOES "BE AN ORCLE MEAN?"
YOU'RE A RINGING NO TV. BANG! W!

A HOUSE SHAPED LIKE HOMEPLATE,



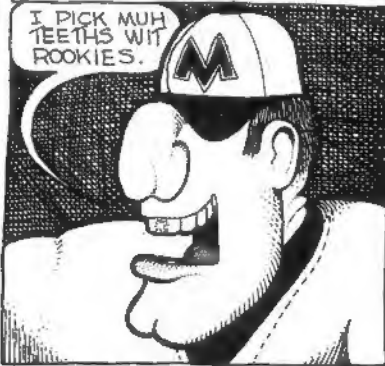
AND A PLEDGE THAT IN THE EVENT HE WAS A CHAMPION HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO ACCEPT CALLS FROM RICHARD NIXON.

OP-OP-OPERATOR, DID YOU TELL HIM IT WAS THE PRESIDENT, RICHARD, NIXON?



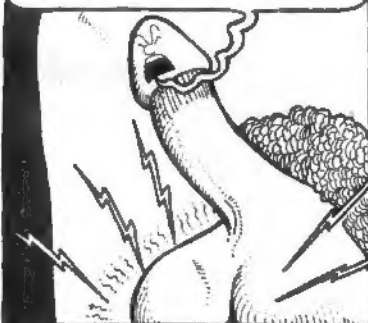
BUT IN SPRING TRAINING BILLY RAN INTO HIS FIRST PROBLEM—AN OLD PRO WHO DIDN'T LIKE ROOKIES THE LEAST LITTLE BIT... JOCK STRAPP!

I PICK MUH TEETHS WIT ROOKIES.



JOCK PRETENDED TO BE BILLY'S FRIEND AND TALKED HIM INTO PUTTING BEN GAY ON HIS BALLS BY TELLING HIM IT WOULD KEEP THEM FROM SWEATING.

KOWA-FUCKING-BONGA!

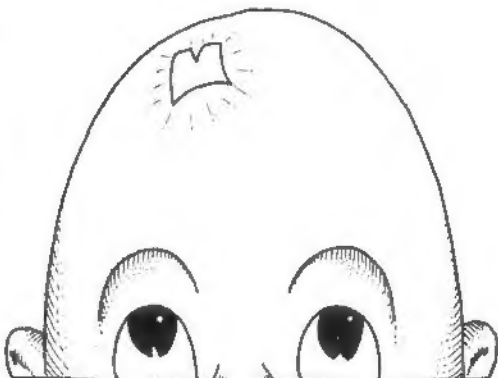


TOLD HIM TO USE EPOXY RESIN TO GET A BETTER GRIP ON THE BAT,

AZHOLE! YOU'LL LOSE 3 LAYERS OF SKIN TO GET THAT GODDAM BAT LOOSE.



AND GAVE HIM A DEPILATORY CREAM TO USE AS HAIR CONDITIONER.



NEAR A BLACKENED..



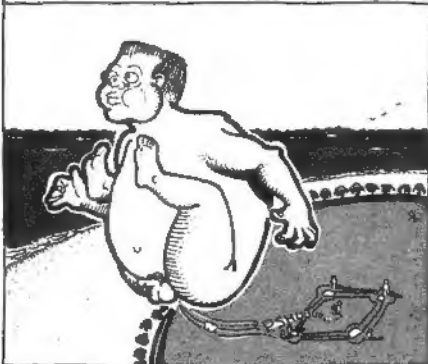
...PILE OF BONES

FINALLY JOCK TREATED BILLY'S TOILET PAPER WITH ALUM. THIS CAUSED HIS RECTUM TO PUCKER UP FORCING HIM TO FART INSIDE OUT THUS BLOWING HIMSELF UP LIKE A BALLOON.

BUT BILLY KNEW IT WAS JUST ANOTHER TEST AND LAUGHED IT OFF!

THAT JOCK'S SOME KINDA JOKER!

FROM THEN ON BILLY WAS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE TEAM AND HE FIT IN WELL AT SECOND BASE HEADING FOR ROOKIE OF THE YEAR HONORS.



HE DID IT WITH...



HE BECAME THE SPARKPLUG OF THE TEAM AND INSPIRED THEM TO VICTORY AFTER VICTORY.



PARTICULARLY HEATED WERE THE GAMES BETWEEN THE FISH AND THE TULSA TOADS.



IT CAME AS A SURPRISE TO NO ONE THAT THEY WERE TIED FOR 2ND AT SEASONS END.

THE FIRST PLAY-OFF GAME WENT TO THE TOADS. THE FISH WERE UNINSPIRING, COMPETENT, BUT INCAPABLE OF A SUSTAINED RALLY. THE TOADS HELD ON FOR THE WIN, 1-0.

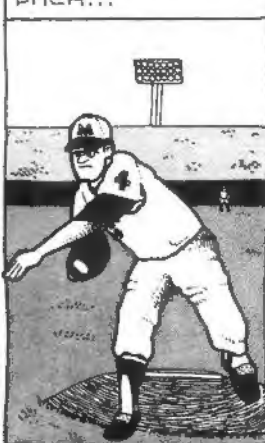
THE SECOND GAME WAS A DIFFERENT STORY. BILLY VEE WAS DAZZLING IN THE FIELD AND HIT A 3 RUN HOMER POWERING THE FISH TO VICTORY, 6-2.

NOW, IT'S THE THIRD GAME, BOTTOM HALF OF THE NINTH, AND THE FISH LEAD 2-1. THE TOADS LOAD THE BASES WITH 2 OUT AND SEND THEIR LEADING BATTER TO THE PLATE...

THE FISH RELIEF PITCHER GETS THE SIGN...



AND DELIVERS THE PITCH...



INSIDE! AS THE TOAD BATTER FALLS AWAY...



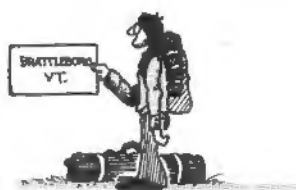
THEY ONCE...



...WERE A BOY,



A WANDERING...



...CHILD

THE TYING & WINNING RUNS SCORED EASILY. BILLY WAS SHOWERED WITH DEBRIS AS HE LEFT THE FIELD.

IN THE CLUBHOUSE HIS TEAMMATES TRIED TO CONSOLE HIM BUT HE WAS LOST IN DEPRESSION.

FINALLY HIS OLD NEMESIS, JOCK STRAPP, SAT DOWN AND TALKED TO HIM.



THE PARTY WAS A GREAT DRUNKEN BRAWL, AROUND MIDNIGHT JOCK PULLED BILLY ASIDE.



BILLY FLIPPED OUT AT THE SIGHT OF THE 2 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS MAKING OUT AND BEGAN TEARING OFF HIS CLOTHES.

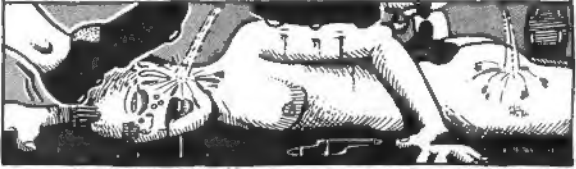
SUDDENLY ALL THE LIGHTS CAME ON. THERE STOOD THE ENTIRE TEAM, NAKED, AROUSED, AND LOOKING FOR REVENGE. THEY WERE ARMED WITH BAT, BALLS AND SPIKES.



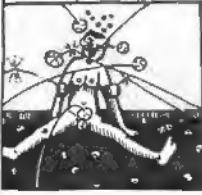
EVENUALLY THE WHOLE TEAM GANG FUCKED BILLY AS THEY CHEERED EACH OTHER ON.



THEY THEN CONTINUED THE RITUAL WITH TORTURE AS THEY TRAMPLED HIM WITH THEIR SPIKES AND PISSED AND SHIT ON HIM.



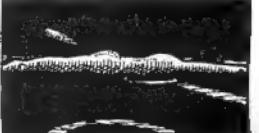
AFTER THAT THEY PROPPED HIM UP AND THREW BASEBALLS AT HIS SLUMPING BODY.



JOCK FINISHED HIM OFF WITH A BLAST OF A 44 OUNCE BAT.



THEY LEFT HIM AT HOMEPLATE WITH A BAT JAMMED UP HIS ASS.



THE POLICE NEVER FOUND THE MURDERERS ALTHOUGH THEY ASSUMED IT TO BE IRATE FANS. THE FISH DID WIN THE SERIES THE NEXT YEAR AND DEDICATED IT TO BILLY VEE. JOCK STRAPP WAS MVP. THAT'S IT. SCUSE ME, I'M GONNA GRAB A BEER 'N WATCH THE ALL-STAR GAME.



AND NOW THEY'D...

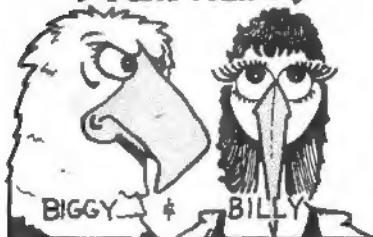
...FOUND A HOME.



CONTINUED AT BOTTOM OF 'DERBY DISASTER'

THE DOITY BOIDS

FEATURING

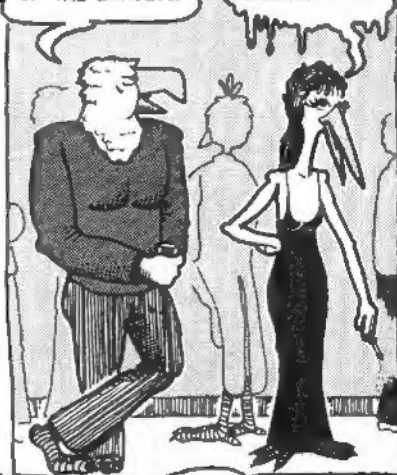


BIGGY

BILLY

EL DULL-O PARTY-O
AS WE SAY SOUTH
OF THE BORDER.

HANDSOME IS
AS
HANDSOME DOES



HAVEN'T WE MET SOME
PLACE BEFORE, CHA-CHA?

I DOUBT IT. I DON'T
GET DOWN TO THE BOWLING
ALLEYS VERY OFTEN.



KNOW WHY THEY CALL
THESE COCKTAIL PARTIES? 'CAUSE
THE MEN COME WITH THEIR COCKS
LOOKING FOR SOME
TAIL. HEH, HEH. I
MADE THAT ONE
UP!

I WOULD
NEVER HAVE
GUESSED. YOU AND
MERY GRIFFIN ARE
SUCH WITS!



PERHAPS YOU DON'T REALIZE
WHO I AM. I'M **BIGGY EAGLE**,
FULLBACK FOR THE **GREEN
BAY PECKERS**.

PLEASD TO MEET'EM.
I'M ELANOR ROOSEVELT
COME BACK AS
A BIRD.



O.K. SISTER, I'VE HAD IT
WITH YOU! JUST 'CAUSE I'M
A FOOTBALL PLAYER DOESN'T
MEAN I'M DUMB, YOU PSEUDO-
HIGH-CLASS, CASTRATING BITCH!



YOU'VE COME TO THESE PARTIES SO MUCH THAT YOU
THINK THESE SWISHY, GODDAM QUEERS ARE MEN. WHEN
YOU DUMP YOUR SHIT THEY CRAWL UNDER YER
ASS AND OPEN THEIR MOUTHS: DIRTY, PERVERTED,
MASCOSTIC PRETTY BOYS. VELVET, VELOUR, LACES,
SATINS AND SILKS. FAGS! FAIRIES! QUEENS! BAW!!

WHY THANK
YOU, IT'S
ANGORA.

EXQUISITE

OH, FOR
CHRIST'S SAKE
ARNIE.

DIVINE.

Too, too
PERFECT.



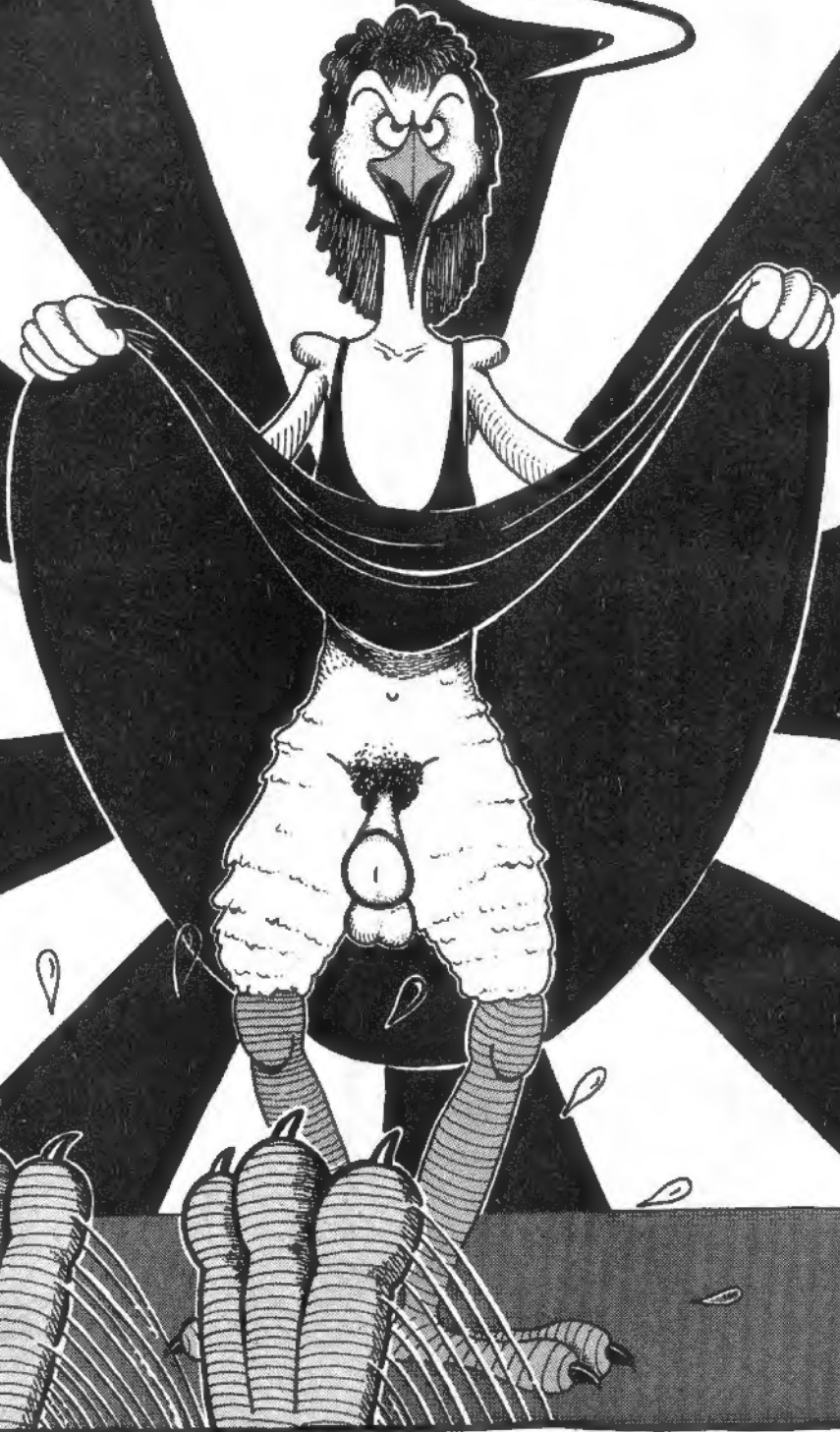
WHAT THAT PRETTY HOLE
OF YOURS NEEDS IS A BIG
FOOTBALL DICK! AND I'M JUST THE
EAGLE TO DO IT! WHATTAYA SAY TA
THAT, KNIFE BEAK?? I'LL MAKE
YA FORGET THESE PUSSIES!

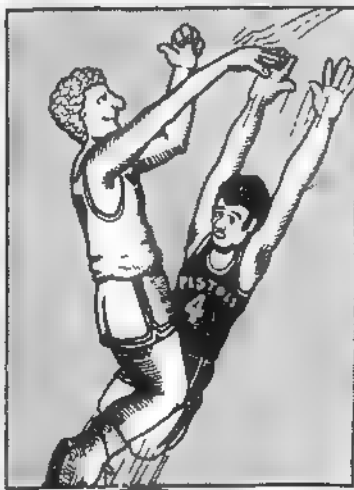
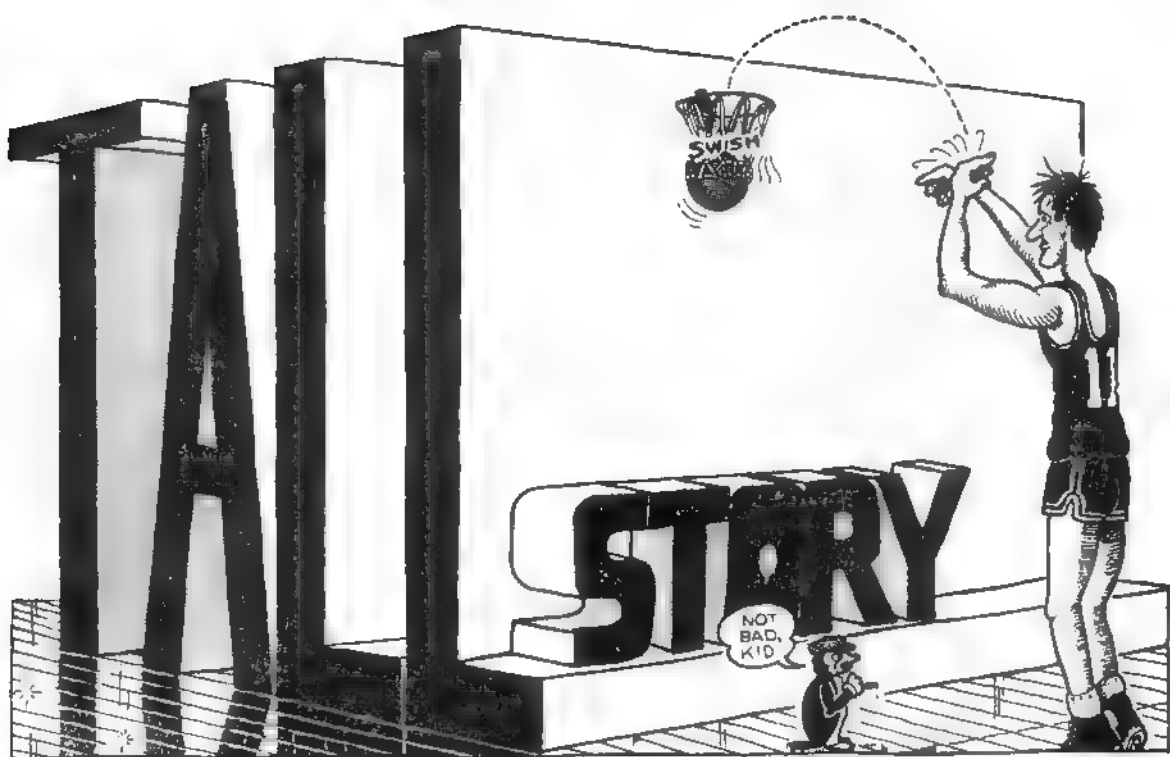


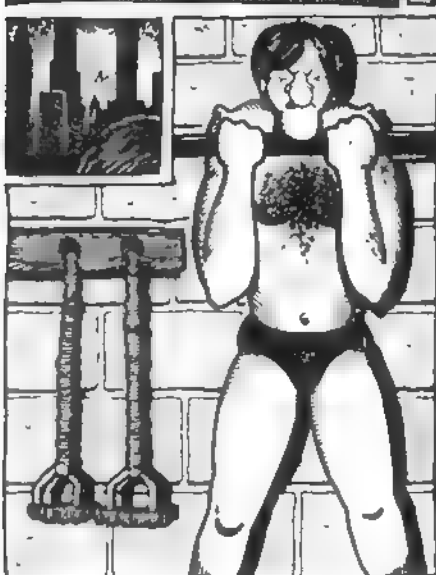
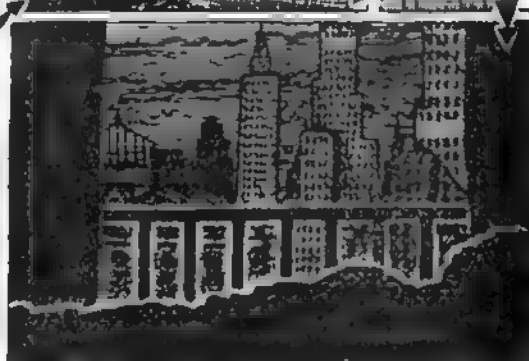
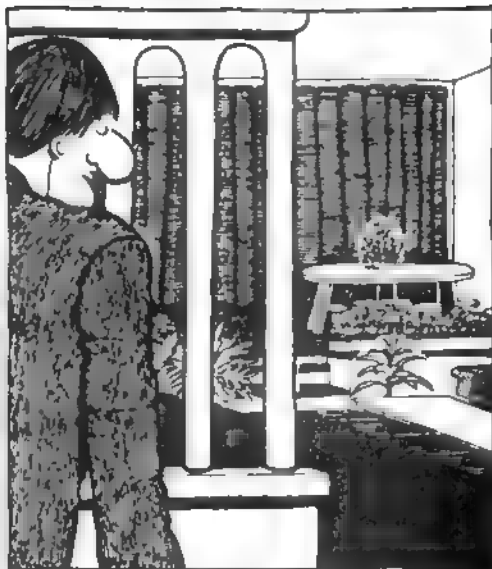
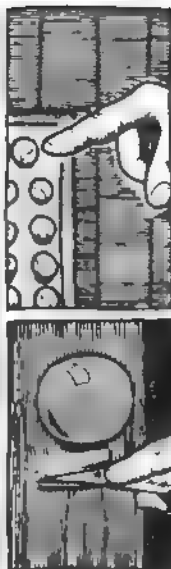
OOOHH, BIGGY. THAT'S
EXACTLY WHAT I
NEED AND I'LL BE
THRILLED TO FUCK
YOU, YOU HANDSOME
BRUTE AS SOON
AS YOU TAKE
TIME TO...

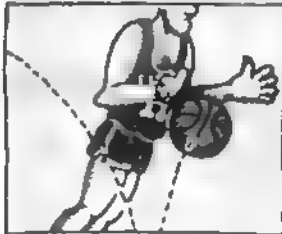
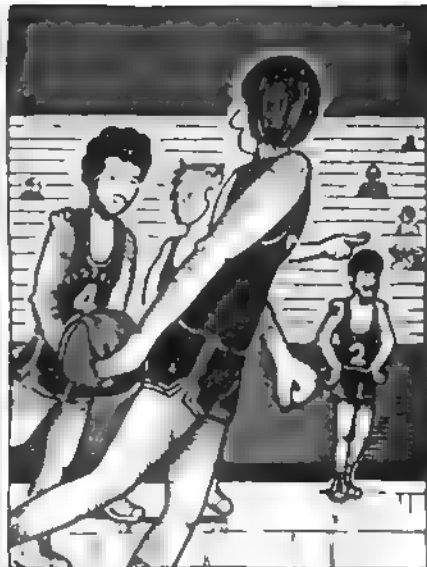


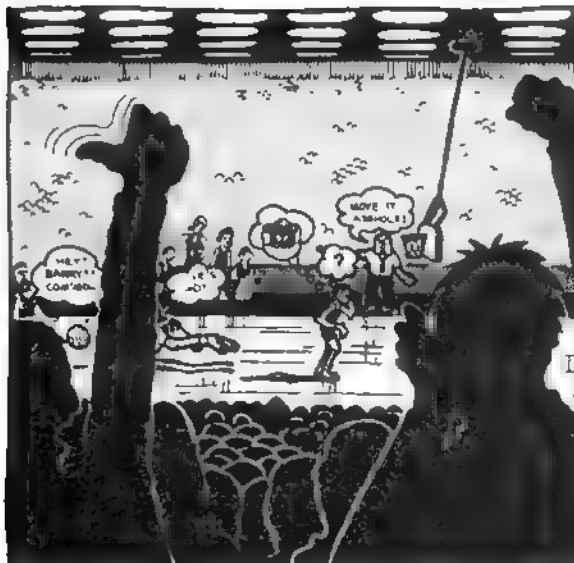
SUCK MY DICK!

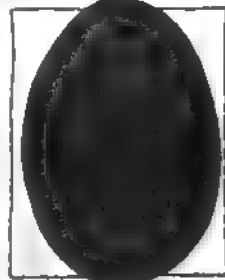
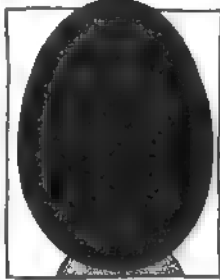
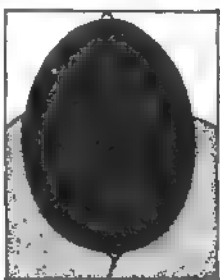
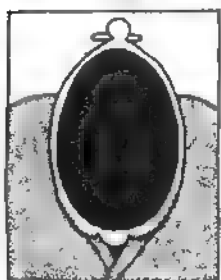
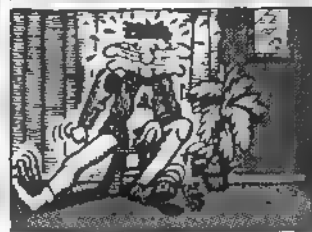
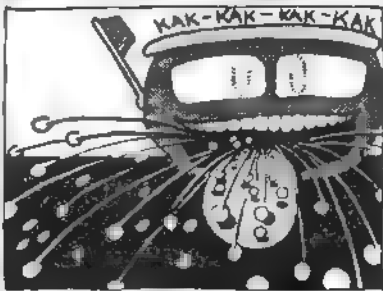


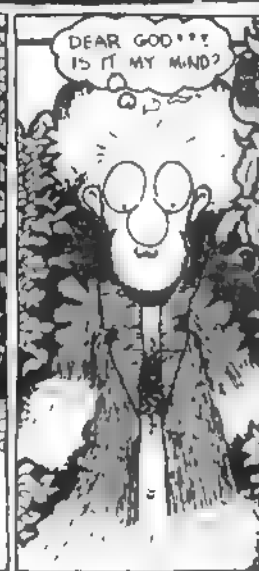
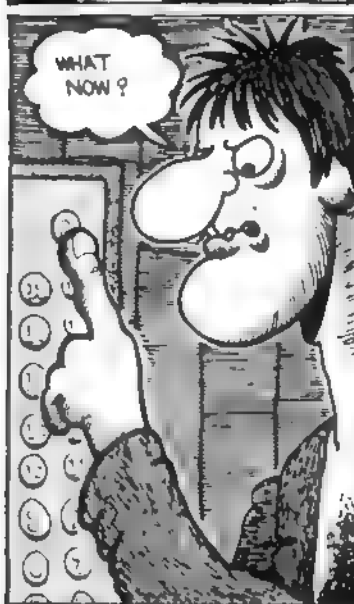






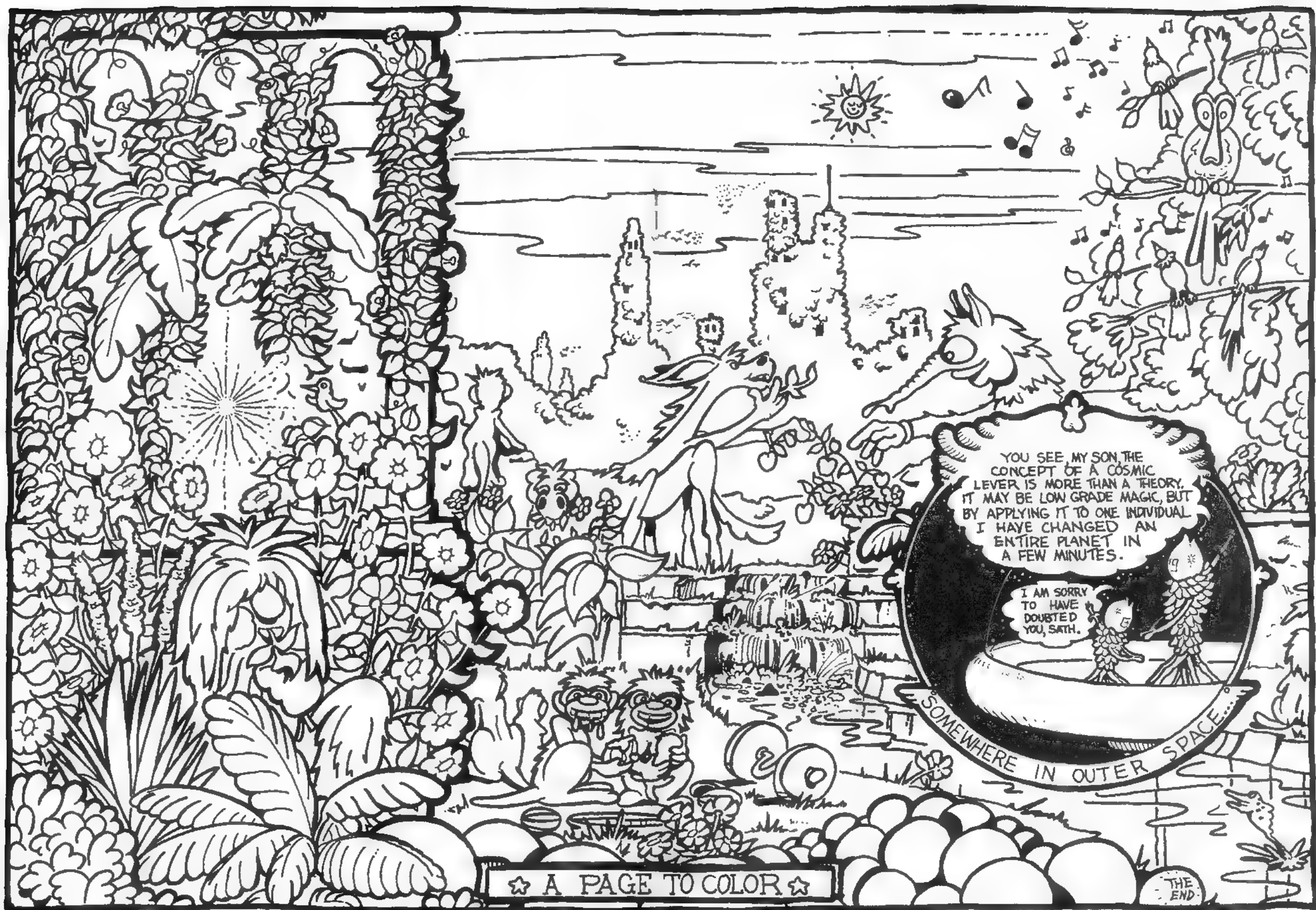








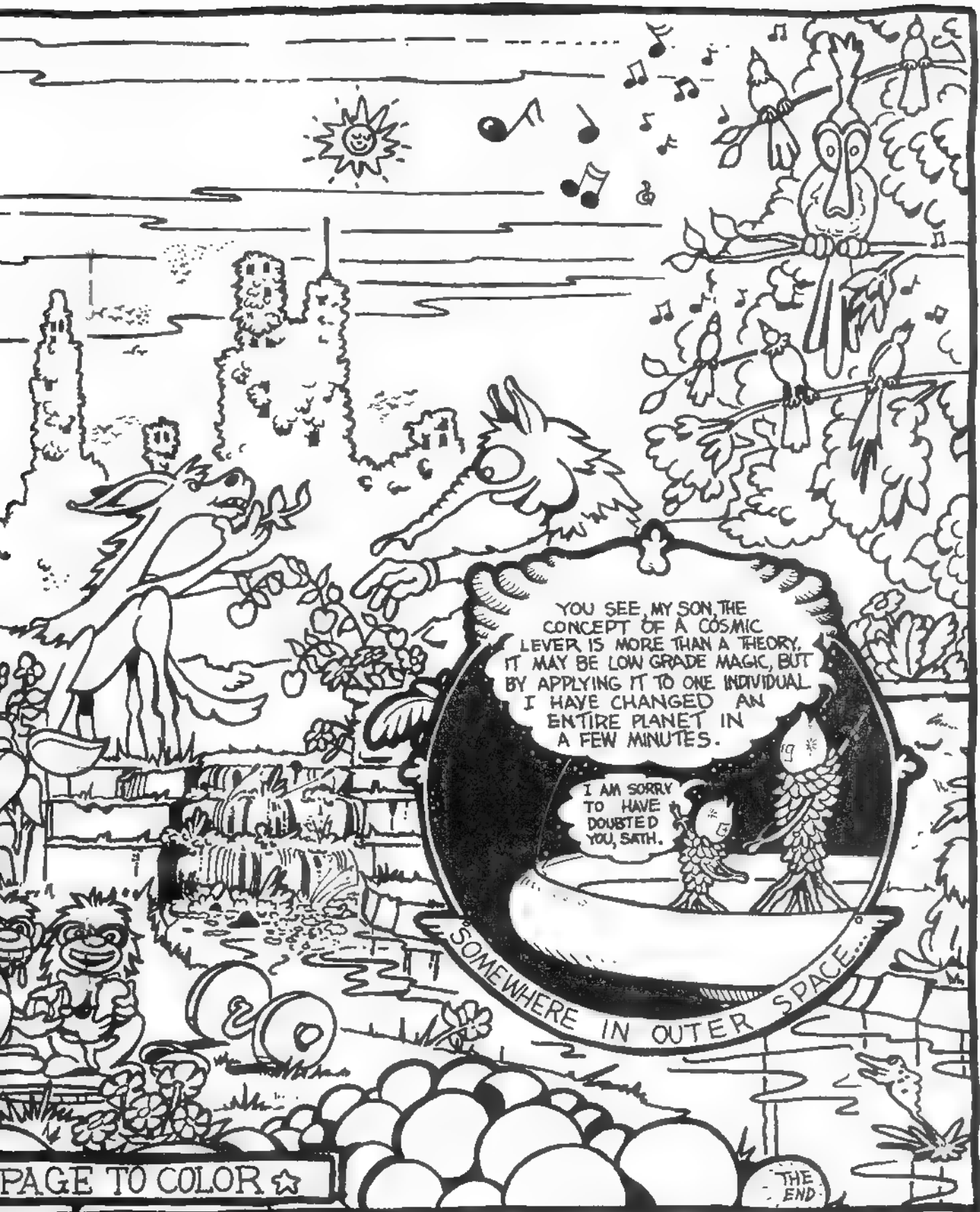
☆ A PAGE TO COLOR



YOU SEE, MY SON, THE
CONCEPT OF A COSMIC
LEVER IS MORE THAN A THEORY.
IT MAY BE LOW GRADE MAGIC, BUT
BY APPLYING IT TO ONE INDIVIDUAL
I HAVE CHANGED AN
ENTIRE PLANET IN
A FEW MINUTES.

I AM SORRY
TO HAVE
DOUBTED
YOU, SATH.

SOMEWHERE IN OUTER SPACE...

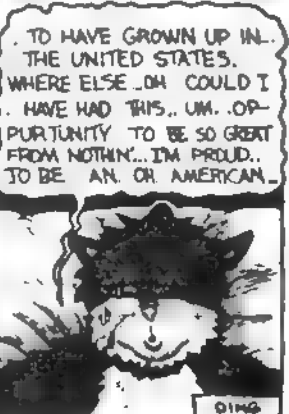
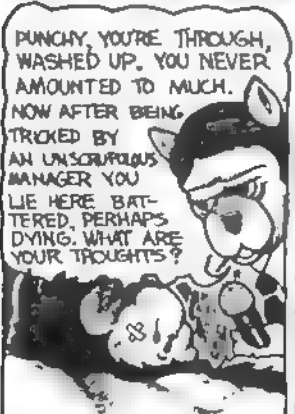
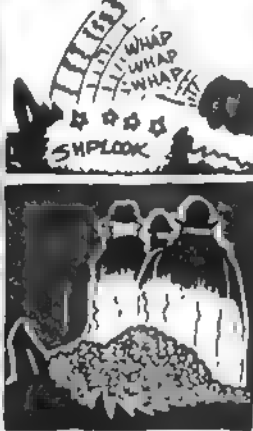
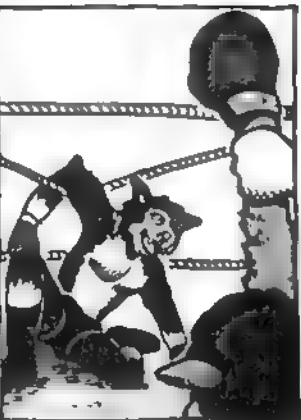


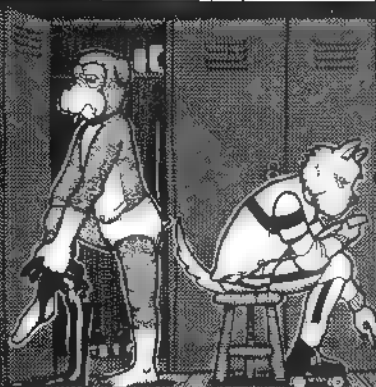
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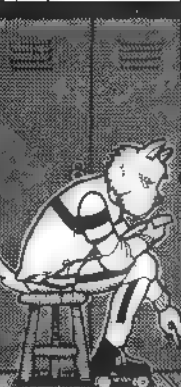
SOMEWHERE IN OUTER SPACE...

T	S	I	C	K	D				
K	I	L	L		M	A	N		
O	N	A		A	D	U	L	A	
			B	O	X	E	R	I	
Y	E		D	E	A	D		L	
		H			T	E	N		
A	C	E		T	H	R	O	W	
		U						O	
		T	H	R	E	A	T	E	N
		A			R				
H	I	T	S		R	E	F	E	
O	E	L	A						





"DOC" BULLDOG
OLD PRO, TO
RETIRE AT END
OF SEASON. BEST
SKATER ROLLING



WALLOWING WESTIE
FAST HEADED FOR
ROOKIE OF YEAR
NEXPERIENCE AT
TIMES SHOWS.



SMASH DOBERMAN
BAD ASS HE'D AS
SOON BITE YOUR LEG
AS LOOK AT YOU A
TOUGH CUSTOMER



CISSY BACKSHUND.
SPITFIRE, KEEPS
UP THE TEAM SPIRIT
SPUNKY SCRAPPER.
A SOUTHERN BELLE



ELITHIA DAME
POWERHOUSE BAD
TEMPER. SULLEN
RACIST SADISTIC.
LESBIAN TENDENCIES.

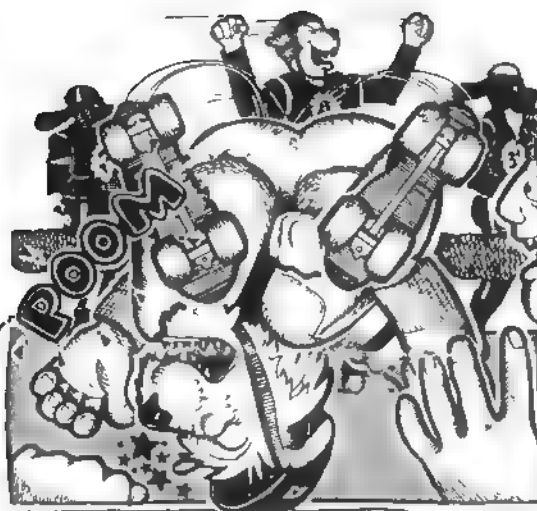


MOLLY COLLIE... THE
STAR SHE'S A
LADY HONEST
SKATES HARD... NEVER
EVER GIVES UP

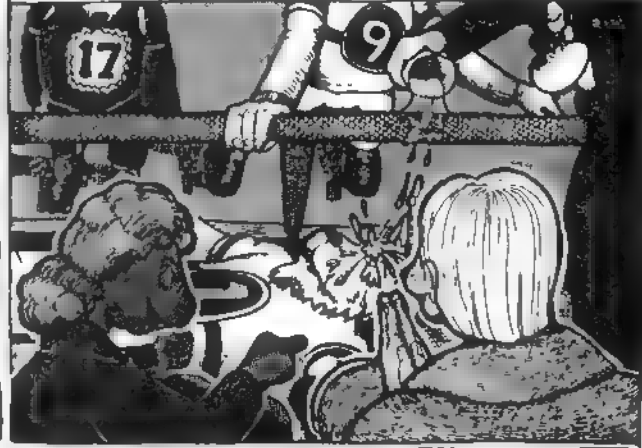
SIX DERBY PROS... EACH IN HIS OR HER WAY TYPLIFYING THE QUALITIES ONE MUST HAVE TO STAND THE RIGORS OF COMPETITIVE SKATING. EACH WORKING AT A PROFESSION THAT REQUIRES A FRANTIC LACK OF INHIBITION COUPLED WITH A WILLINGNESS TO COMMIT **MAYHEM AND VIOLENCE**. THEN GOING HOME TO A LIFE OF SOLITUDE... WITHDRAWN AND QUIET. BUT **ONE** OF THESE INDIVIDUALS IS SLATED FOR A CHANGE OF ROUTINE, **ONE** WILL CLUTCH THE **CRUEL HAND OF FATE**... **ONE** WILL KNOW.



AS I WAXED POETIC... ..OVER THAT PATHETIC



WALLOPING WESTY IS DOWN AND OUT-RECIPIENT OF A SNEAK PUNCH BY SLUGGER IMMORTAL, "DOC" BULLDOG.



OBTAINOUSLY THE FANS ARE THRILLED TO SEE THE LEAGUE'S ONLY ROOK IE PIVOTMAN GET NAILED... BUT WHY?!

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE MEN AND WOMEN SKATED AGAINST EACH OTHER IN DERBY COMPETITION. THE WOMEN GO OUT.

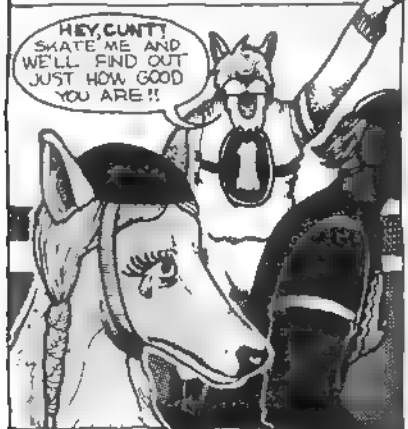
THEN THE MEN SKATE A PERIOD.



THIS DIDN'T SUIT WALLOPING WESTY WHO WANTED TO SKATE AGAINST MOLLY COLLIE.

HE BEGAN MAKING JIBELOUS STATEMENTS TO THE PRESS.

THE SITUATION BOILED OVER WHEN WESTY POURED WATER ONTO THE TRACK CAUSING MOLLY TO FALL.



MUST HAVE AN EXTRA "Y" CHROMOSOME. SHE COULD GROW HAIR ON HER CHEST



I CHOKED BACK MY WORDS...



...AS I READ UNDERNEATH

AND WAS THAT WHAT CAUSED
SLUGGER IMMORTAL "DOC" BULLDOG
TO LAY OUT WALLOPING WESTY?
NOPE! NOT QUITE. AT THE NEXT
GAME MOLLY SHOWED UP ON
CRUTCHES... OUT FOR A WEEK!!!

AFTER THE 4TH PERIOD MOLLY LMP'S
OUT ONTO THE TRACK TO GET A
DOZEN RED ROSES FOR BEING THE
DEADLY DEVISS.

BUT WAIT! WHAT'S
THIS?!!

IT'S THAT GODDAM
WESTY!!!



WHAT'S HE UP TO?
OF COURSE THIS GUY F
CREEP AROUND WHEN
HE'S PATERNALIST WITH



HE'S GAINING SPEED



IS SHE FUCKING DEAF?!



I, SOB, AM PLEASED, SNIFF
AND HONORED...



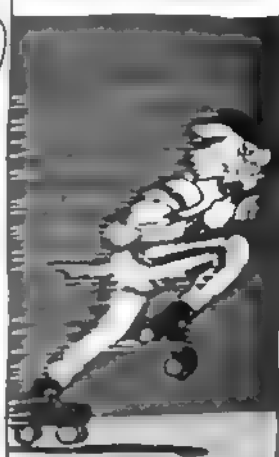
FASTER



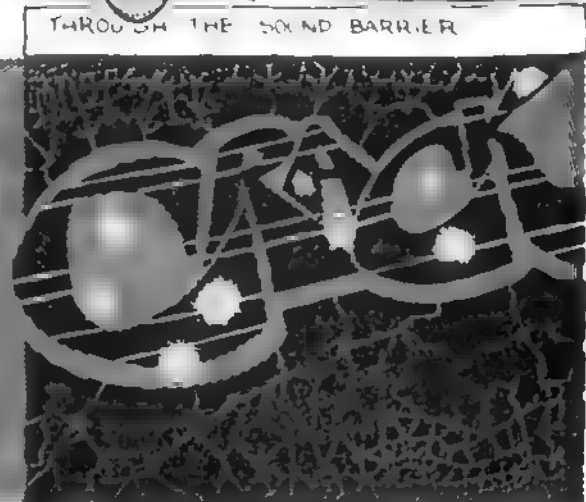
AND AGAIN!



FASTER

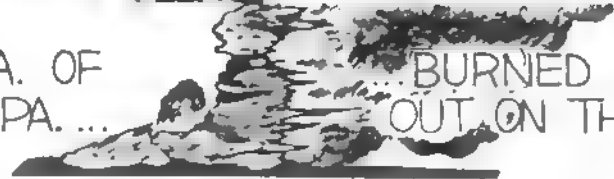


THROUGH THE SOUND BARRIER



CLINE, CHARLES A. OF
NEW BRIGHTON, PA. ...

BURNED HIMSELF
OUT ON THE LAWN



A CANINE BLUR AT MACH 1!!

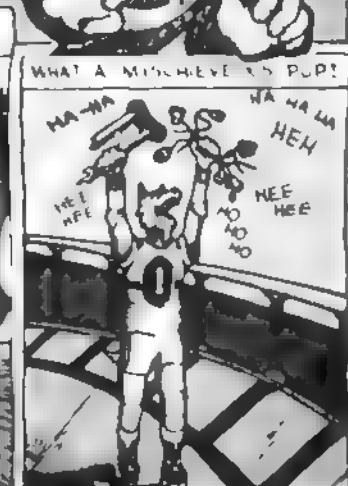
MOLLY



AND AS IF THAT CARNAGE
ON THE MACH 1!!



FINALLY AS MOLLY SITS UP.



WHAT A MISCHIEVE IS PUP!

AND DOES HE MO, THE
REFEREE DO ANYTHING?
GEE T WERE HANDS. HE
HE SHOULD BE PENALIZED!
BUT I WAS IN THE LOCKER
ROOM HAVING A COKE.



IN ALL MY YEARS OF
HIGHER LEARNING AND
GENTLEMEN I HAVE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! THE
FANS ARE DEAF WITH HAIR!!
WESTY IS SKATING AWAY AND
WHILE WE WAIT FOR AN
AMBULANCE... IT'S
TERRIBLE!!!

BOOOOOOO
JEER
BOO HISSSSSS
BOOO
HOOOO

WITH A BUTANE LIGHTER
AND SOME



IN FRONT OF THE
PENTAGON

THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED AND RUSHED MOLLY TO A HOSPITAL...



AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH PERIOD THE INCIDENT THAT STARTED OUR STORY OCCURRED. SLUGGER IMMORTAL, "DOC" BULLDOG BULLDOZED WESTY OVER THE RAIL AND LEFT HIM UNCONSCIOUS. HE TOO WAS CARRIED FROM THE TRACK. LET'S JOIN THE WHOLE GANG IN THE LOCKER-ROOM AFTERWARDS.



THANKS, GUYS. I FEEL GREAT. THANKS A LOT.

GREAT SHOW, WESTY. JUST F*CKING GREAT! HOW MUCH DID YOU REHEARSE? COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! NOW'S MOLLY

WHEN YA GETTIN' MARRIED?

WHAT'S THIS?

WELL, OLD WASH 'N WEAR* THOUGHT WE NEEDED SOME EXCITEMENT. THE PLAYOFFS ARE ONLY 3 WEEKS AWAY AND OUR ATTENDANCE IS DOWN. SO WE CAME UP WITH THIS GIMMICK. IT WAS AN AWFUL HARD STUNT BECAUSE MOLLY COULDN'T SEE ME SINCE...



I WAS HITTIN' HER FROM HER BLIND SIDE. SO WE PRACTICED IT FOR TWO WEEKS WITH MOLLY MAKING HER MOVE BY THE WAY MY SKATES SOUNDED. THEN JUST WHEN WE HAD IT PERFECT WE REALIZED THE CROWD NOISE WOULD DROWN OUT THE SOUND OF MY WHEELS.



SO WE HAD A SPECIAL CONTACT LENS MADE FOR HAMBONE, THE ANNOUNCER, AND MOLLY WATCHED ME IN THAT. IT WORKED PERFECTLY.



OF COURSE THE CRUTCHES WERE PURE HOLLYWOOD. BREAKAWAY. SHE NEVER PUT A BIT OF WEIGHT ON 'EM AT ALL.



AS FOR WHAT'S NEXT... WELL, MOLLY'LL STAY OUT OF SIGHT FOR A WEEK WE'LL SAY THAT SHE'S IN THE HOSPITAL WHERE SHE'S ACCEPTED MY OFFER FOR A SERIES OF MATCH RACES. WHEN SHE GETS OUT WELL DO A WEEK OF PERSONAL APPEARANCES. THEN THE RACES AND CHAMPIONSHIP... AND THEN...



AN EXPLANATION: SO THAT THEY CAN BE OPEN ABOUT THEIR LOVE YOUNG WESTY DYES HIS FUR BLACK AND BECOMES COUNT SCOT* HEIR TO A DOG POOD FORTUNE. WHEN HE AND THE MUCH OLDER MOLLY COLLIE APPEAR IN PUBLIC.



BACK TO OUR STORY:

...AND THEN WE'LL MARRY.



*NICKNAME GIVEN DERBY GENERAL MANAGER BECAUSE OF HIS SLOPPY CLOTHES.

"HE WAS A REAL NICE KID," ALL THE NEIGHBORS SAID,



ALONG WITH SOME OTHER CLICHES

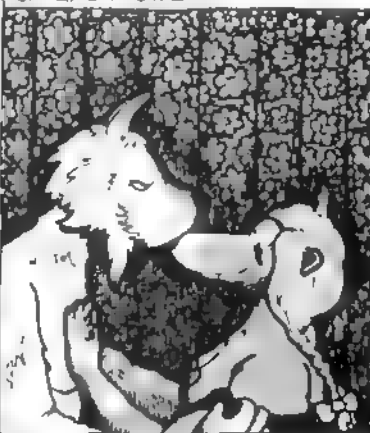
THIS WEEK'S SPECIAL
THE GUN THAT KILLED KENNEDY
YES THIS IS THE BEAUTY THAT
LEE HARVEY OSWALD USED TO
KILL OFF JFK
IT'S ACCURATE
THE MURDER COMMISSION
STOP YOU SAYING
WILL WEARD IT
HURRY

SO IT WENT, ON TELEDERBY
THEY SHOWED PHOTOS OF MOLLY
WAVING FROM HER "HOSPITAL" ROOM.
COMING
ALONG VERY
WEEKLY I WILL
BE HOME NEXT
WEEK SHE
WILL RECITE
OUR CARDS
AND LISTEN
TO THIS

MOLLY COLLIE HAS ACCEPTED WALLOPING
WESTY'S CHALLENGE, AND THEY
WILL SKATE 5 MATCH RACES
THE WEEK BEFORE THE CHAMPIONSHIP!



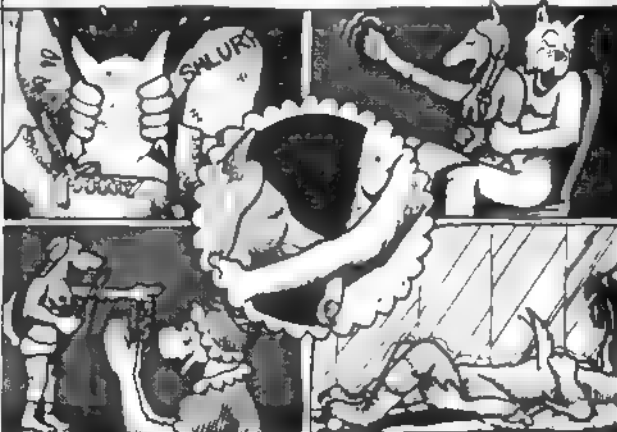
DURING HER "RECUOPERATION"
MOLLY AND WESTY SAW A LOT
OF EACH OTHER



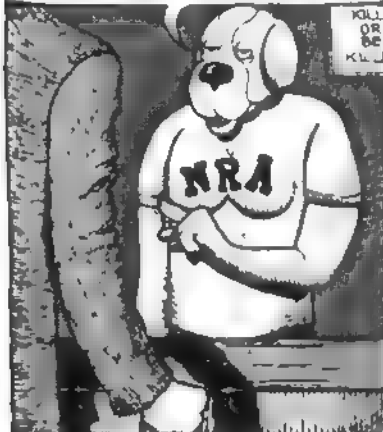
A WHOLE LOT...



THEY WERE VERY DISCREET ABOUT THEIR INTIMACY
BECAUSE WASH 'N WEAR HAD A PURITANICAL MORAL OUTLOOK



THIS PARTICULAR BULLET IS WHAT
YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR EXPLODES ON
IMPACT-VERY MESSY.



THE WEEK MOLLY WAS RELEASED SHE AND
WESTY BEGAN MAKING A PROMO TOUR

I'LL KNOCK YOU FROM
HERE TO THE CAT
FOOD SECTION.

YOU AND WHAT ARMY?
YOU COULDN'T LIFT A
CAN OF CAT FOOD!!



FROM SUPERMARKETS
TO AIRPORT RECEPTIONS..



YOU NEED
A BATH!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT SOAP IS.

HE WAS HERE YESTERDAY
AND THE DAY BEFORE,

BUT CHARLIE'S NOT
HERE TODAY.

TO LATE NIGHT TV...

I'LL SKATE YOU OFF THE TRACK. YOU'LL BE TO ASSHAMED TO EVER LACE UP AGAIN!!

YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO SKATE FIRST. YOU BUND-SIDING PUNK TWERP!!!

PLEASE, PLEASE.

TO RADIO PARTICIPATION SHOWS...

THANK YOU, BEAUTIFUL LADY.

I'LL BE AT ALL 5 MATCH RACES TO SEE WONDERFUL MOLLY, RUIN THAT BUM ONCE AND FOR ALL.

GET OFF THE LINE YOU SICK EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEAN. YOU REALLY REEK.

AND OF COURSE AT THE DERBY ITSELF.

WHY DONCHA COME OUT AND SKATE NOW, QUEENIE?

YOU KNOW GOOD N WELL WHY, YOU CRUMB!

HE REALLY NEEDS SOME STRAIGHTENING OUT!!!

AFTER THE GAME IN WASH'N WEARS OFF KE.

TONIGHT'S THE LAST NIGHT YOU GET OFF WITH THIS COUNT SCOT BIT. WE CAN'T AFFORD YOUR BEING FOUND OUT AT THIS STAGE. THE FANS ARE IN A FEVER HEAT. GET EVERYTHING PLANNED PERFECTLY AND I'LL SEE YOU MONDAY

AND SO...

I HAVE TO GO

I KNOW

ARE YOU CLEAR ON EVERYTHING?

YES

I LOVE YOU.

I LOVE YOU

SMACK

* L CRUMB NO RELATION TO R CALUMB



CHARLIE WAS...

MY HERO



THE MATCH RACES WENT AS PRECISELY AS CLOCKWORK... STARTING IN AN APPARENTLY BRUTAL FASHION.



WESTY SKATES MOLLY DOWN A ROUNDRY AND NOT A WALL.



BUT THIS TIME THE REF SEES IT AND MAKES A SURTH A K N G.



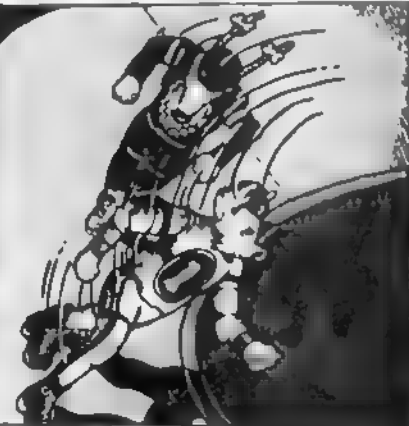
AN ENRAGED WESTY HAS TO BE RESTRAINED ON HEARING THE DECISION.



I'LL KILL 'IM.



THE RACES BECOME MORE COMPETITIVE AND CLEANER AS WESTY WINS THE SECOND CONTEST.



IN THE THIRD RACE, WHICH MOLLY WON, WESTY SKATED TO HER AD WHEN SHE TOOK A BAD FALL. THIS MOVE COST HIM THE RACE...



HE WAS THE STAR..



..OF THE TEAM

WHEN HE WON THE FOURTH RACE
MAYBE A LITTLE HAVE HIM
A CONGRATULATORY KISS!!!



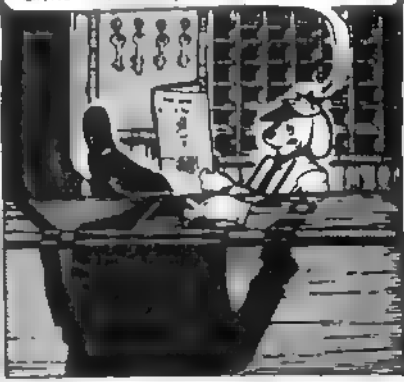
WESTY BUSHED



AND THE FANS WENT WILD!!



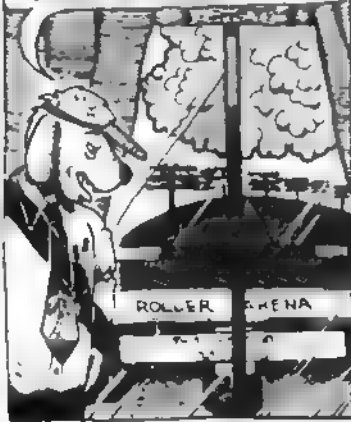
SORRY MAC NOTHING AVAILABLE ON THE
TOP FLOOR. MAYBE I TOLD YA
I GOT NOTHING ON THE TOP FLOOR. NOW
BEAT IT! WHA?? A HUNDRED BUCKS?
HAMMM... LISSSEN, BUD, MAYBE I CAN DO
SOMETHIN' FOR YA AFTER ALL...
COME WIT ME,



THIS IS IT NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT
IS THE ONLY THING I CAN SEE YA
ON THE TOP FLOOR. MAYBE?



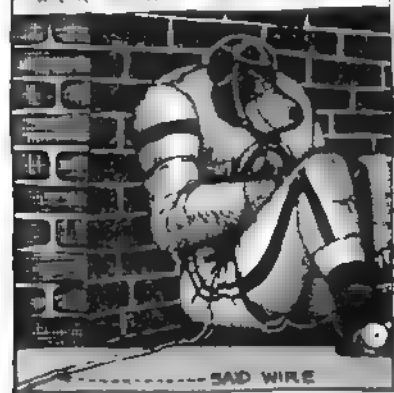
LOUSY VIEW REALLY. ALL YA
CAN SEE IS THE ROLLER ARENA
ACROSS THE STREET



ANYTHING YA NEED YA JUST
F' ME

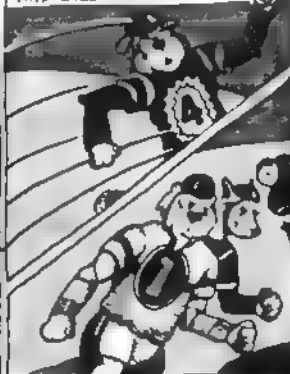


IN ORDER TO SECURE WESTY'S VICTORY
IN THE 5TH MATCH RACE HIS MATE
JEANNA "SMASH" DOBERMAN.
SHE'S A WIRE A KID'S THE
TRICK TO TRIP HIM



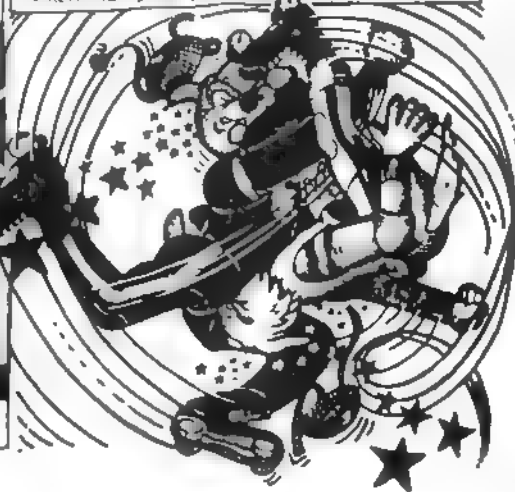
SAD WIRE

SUGGER IMMORTAL DOG BILL
DOG SEES A CATS RING ON
AND GOES TO STOP IT.



AT THE SAME TIME WESTY
CAPTURES THE LEAD,

TRIPS OVER THE WIRE AND FLIPS HIS NUGGER
IMMORTAL DOG BILL FULL TILT!



I LIVED MY LIFE
THROUGH CHARLIE,



AT LEAST THAT'S
HOW IT SEEMED

WESTY COMES OUT FINE BUT SLUGGER IMMORTAL "DOC" BULLDOG ISN'T SO JOCKY. HE LEAVES IN AN AMBULANCE HAVING CAUGHT WESTY'S SKATE IN HIS FACE AND WESTY'S NOSE IN HIS NUTS.

I WON'T SKATE ON THE SAME TEAM WITH SMASH. FIRE HIM OR I QUIT!!

WELL, SO YOU'RE FINALLY SHOWING YOUR TRUE COLORS!

YOU CAN'T QUIT, YOU PANTY-WAIST, YOU'RE FIRED!!!!

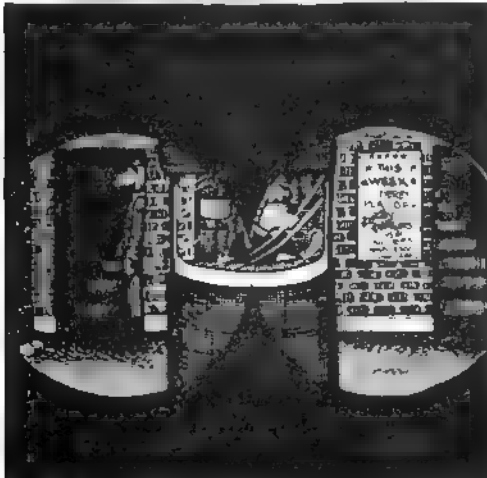
THE NEXT DAY...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SLUGGER IMMORTAL "DOC" BULLDOG WILL MISS TODAY'S CHAMPIONSHIP GAME DUE TO INJURIES.

WALLOPING WESTY. HE AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE, MOLLY COLLIE, WILL BE MARRIED RIGHT HERE, TONIGHT, AFTER THE GAME!!!

THE RESULTS ARE PREDICTABLE WITHOUT SLUGGER IMMORTAL "DOC" BULLDOG THE SLUGGERS TRAIL BY EIGHT POINTS AT THE 1.

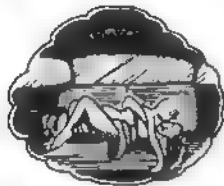
I WOULD LIKE TO ANNOUNCE THE SIGNING OF A NEW SLUGGER PIVOTMAN.



THE REST OF THE GAME WAS ANY CLIMATIC, WHETHER JAMMING, BLOCKING, WHIPPING, OR SUBMARINING, WESTY COULD DO NO WRONG AND HE POWERED THE SLUGGERS TO A 78-32 VICTORY!!!



IN MY DREAMS OF CHARLIE I HAD



PUT IT TO ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS IN SCHOOL.

FOLLOWING THE TRIUMPH WESTY IS AWARDED THE MVP TROPHY WHICH HE PROMPTLY TURNS OVER TO MOLLY.

THERE'S NO DOUBT WHO DESERVES THIS TROPHY IF IT WERE NOT FOR HER WELL, THANK GOD



AFTER A QUICK CHANGE AND SHOWER THE TWO ARE WED.

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, PUP, AND...



WAITING ACROSS THE STREET IN A DINNERY ROOM AT THE ALPACA HOTEL



AND EYEING



WAITING TO



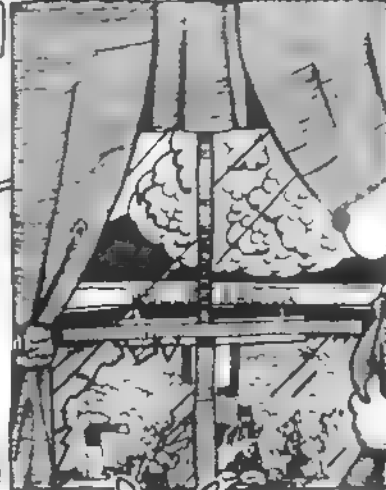
WAITING FOR THE MOMENT WESTY STEPS OUT THE DOOR



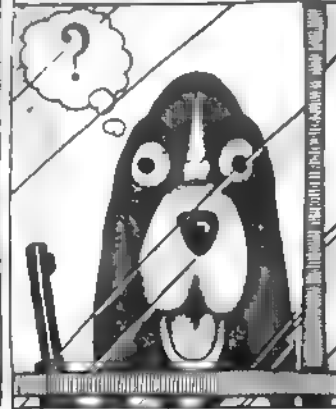
WAITING SO HE MAY COLLECT THE TRUNK OF HIS MOTHER WEAPON



AS WESTY BENDS TO KISS A FAN'S PUP, A FATAL BULLET MISSES HIM AND...



THEY SAY THAT THE BULLET WAS FIRED BY A MAN WHO WAS IN THE ROOM WITH WESTY AT THE TIME OF THE SHOOTING



AND TURNS THE GUN ON HIMSELF



GIVE ONE LAST LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF THE COUNTY CORONER, CALVIN COONHOUND:

ALWAYS REMEMBER: ONE MAN'S FANTASY IS ANOTHER MAN'S REALITY!



CHARLIE WAS NEVER A FRIEND OF MINE...



... CHARLIE WAS JUST MY TOOL.


FOR AN ANIMAL EPILOGUE, SEE INSIDE BACK COVER

"WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING, IT'S THE ONLY THING"

VINCE LOMBARDI

SUPERPENIS STUDIOS 


GO AHEAD. TURN AWAY AND PRETEND YOU DIDN'T SEE ME.



YOU YOUNG FOOLS! THINKING THAT YOUR REFLEXES WILL NEVER FAIL.




UTTER BUNK! THINK I WAS BORN LIKE THIS? HA?



AHHH... TO THINK OF THOSE SWEET DUSTY DAYS...



DAYS WHEN I WASN'T SO CARE-WORN... WHEN I DIDN'T HAVE THESE SAGGING EYES.



DAYS WHEN THESE EYES WERE CLEAR AND THIS OLD FACE WAS SMOOTH.




HEH! I WAS YOUNG, HEALTHY, AND STRONG, A FINE ATHLETE... A BALL PLAYER... A **PRO!**




I COULD DO IT ALL... RUN, HIT, AND FIELD.



AFTER ONE YEAR IN THE MINORS I WAS BROUGHT UP.




MY 1ST YEAR I HIT .336... 3RD IN THE LEAGUE.




THEN IN 1924 I WON THE BATTING CROWN AND THE TEAM WON THE PENNANT.

THE SERIES WENT INTO THE 7TH GAME.




WITH 2 OUT IN THE TOP OF THE 9TH I SMACKED 1 OFF THE WALL AND STOPPED AT 2ND. WE WERE ONE BACK.



THE NEXT BATTER HIT AN INSIDE THE PARK HOMER AND WE WERE AHEAD BY ONE RUN.



THEN THEIR THIRD BASEMAN CALLED FOR THE BALL & TOUCHED THE BASE. I WAS CALLED OUT. I HADN'T TAGGED IT. WE LOST.



I WAS TRADED
DURING THE WINTER.
I LASTED SIX MORE
SEASONS BUT... BUT...
I WAS NEVER THE SAME.

I WAS USED MOSTLY
AS A PINCH-HITTER...
WHEN I QUIT MY LIFE-
TIME AVERAGE WAS 227.

I TRIED TO FORGET
BASEBALL. I WAS A
MILKMAN FOR A WHILE,
SOLD TRUCKS, COOKED
AT A TRUCKSTOP...

BUT EVERY OCTOBER
SOME PERSISTENT GODDAM
REPORTER WOULD FIND ME.
AND HE'D SAY...

"HOW DID IT FEEL
TO BLOW A SERIES?
WHAT DID YOUR
YOUR TEAM... MATES
SAY?" AND HE'D SAY...

"YOU NEVER HAD
ANOTHER GOOD YEAR. HOW
DID THAT FEEL? HOW DID
THAT FEEL?!!

HOW DID THEY THINK
IT FELT. DRINK GOT ME.
I LOST MY JOB. MY WIFE
LEFT ME. SO... SO I...
TOOK TO THE RAILS.

BUT EVERY ONCE
IN A WHILE SOMEONE
WOULD RECOGNIZE ME.
WOULD HAUNT ME. OH
GOD! I'M JUST AN OLD MAN.

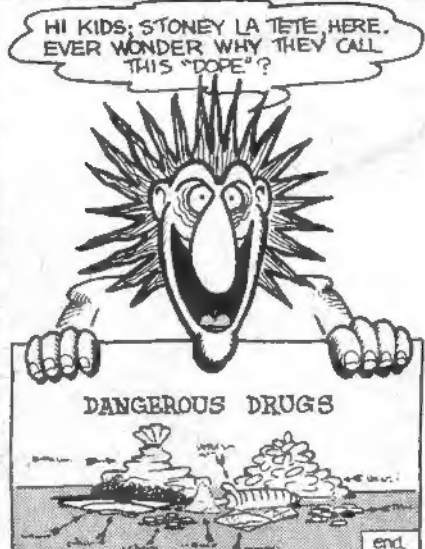
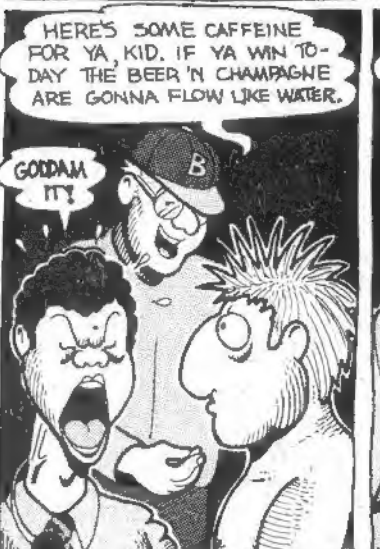
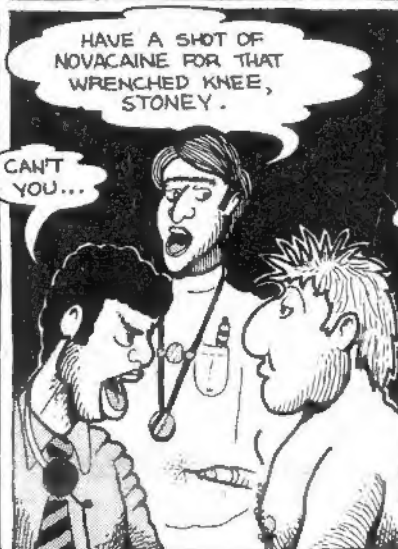
I'M SO... SOB... TIRED.
I'M SO MISERABLE. ALL
I WANT IS SOME PEACE
OF MIND. I'M SICK... I'M
SICK... OH... I'M SICK...

I SO TIRED...

OOOO.

GGH

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT



BALLAD OF CHARLIE CLINE

...conclusion...

TO UNDERSTAND THAT
AN ATHLETE CAN
BE SENSITIVE IS HARD.
WE THINK OF THEM
AS MUSCLE-BOUND MEN,
WHO SOMEDAY WILL TURN TO LARD.
WE MAKE 'EM, WE BREAK 'EM,
WE THOUGHTLESSLY SHAPE 'EM,
TO FULFILL OUR FANTASIES.
THEN THEY'RE BROKEN MEN AND
LOST AGAIN
WITH ONLY SOME CLIPPINGS TO
READ...

AN ANIMAL EPILOGUE

SOMEWHERE IN THE "NEW SOUTH"...



YES, LUKE, YOUR OLD GRANDAD
PLAYED PRO BALL FOR 19 YEARS,
FROM 1921 TO 1940. I MET
ALL OF THE GREATS.



HERE
I AM WITH
THE GREAT
TV CUB.



DO
YOU KNOW
AL SEA LION OR
ROBERTO
PIMENTO?



NO. THOSE YOUNGSTERS
CAME AFTER MY TIME. LAST
PLAYER I MET WAS CARL
GORILLA AT
THE BROOKLYN
CODGERS'
OLD TIMERS'
GAME.



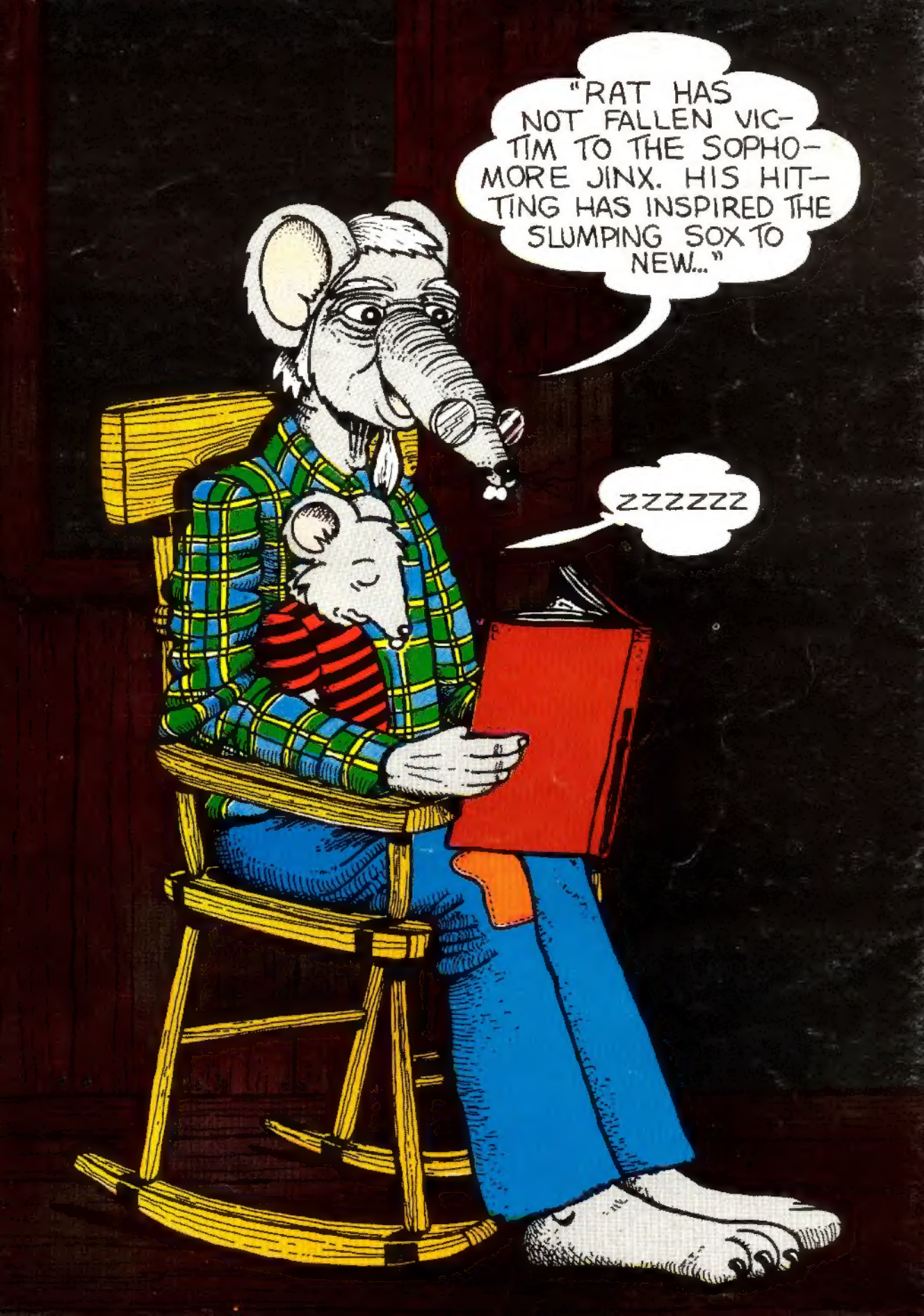
THAT WAS IN 1963.
ONLY FOUR OF US ARE LEFT...
AND MY BEST FRIEND, FLYNN,
...WELL, HE'S DUST NOW...
SOON... SOON...



BUT ALL THIS TALK
MUST BE BORING TO A
YOUNG TYKE LIKE YOU.
LET'S GET BACK TO THE
BOOK AND... WELL,
WELL,
WELL...



ZZZZ



"RAT HAS
NOT FALLEN VIC-
TIM TO THE SOPHO-
MORE JINX. HIS HIT-
TING HAS INSPIRED THE
SLUMPING SOX TO
NEW..."

zzzzzzz



Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Big League Laffs

(All New Underground
Comix #4)

Published April 1973

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Last Gasp Eco Funnies

50¢

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- 3 - Big League Rookie
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- 11 - Tall Story
- 20 - Boxer
- 21 - Derby Disaster
- 32 - Winning Isn't Everything...
- 34 - Public Service Announcement
- 35 - Ballad Of Charlie Cline

Artists:

Jim Hines 1-36

Comments:

Sports-related comix.